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Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1952

Selected by J. N. Hook

University of Illinois

From about seven hundred student-written poems submitted for consideration as the best written by Illinois high school students in 1952, the editor has selected those on the following pages. As you read them, you may decide that the over-all poetic quality is a trifle below that of past issues. If so, the reason is that this year many more poems than usual were submitted from freshman and sophomore classes. In past years, most of the poems were written by seniors, a few by juniors. This time, with a fairly large group of freshman and sophomore verses to choose from, the editor tried consciously to include good selections from those classes, even though the average level of the verse in the issue might be less mature than if he had concentrated upon the writing by upper-classmen. If you approve of having the freshmen and sophomores well represented, the plan will be continued. It might, in fact, be possible to divide the poetry into two sections—one consisting of freshman and sophomore verse, the other, junior and senior.

Please start watching now for excellent poetry and prose written by your students, and submit them *at any time* for consideration for next year's issues. If your school isn't represented, perhaps the only reason is that you do not submit your students' work.

A number of teachers have written that they find it profitable to use these *Bulletins* with their classes. Additional copies are available at twenty-five cents each, or at twenty cents each in lots of ten or more sent to one address.

WHAT IS A POEM?

A poem is a thought.
 A thought about God,
 A thought about trees,
 A thought about war,
 A thought about peace.

A poem is an emotion.
 An emotion of fear,
 An emotion of gladness,
 An emotion of surprise,
 An emotion of sadness.

A poem is a thing of beauty.
 The beauty of tears,
 The beauty of mirth,
 The beauty of death,
 The beauty of birth.

VIRGINIA HAVIGHURST, Evanston Twp. H. S., '54
 Edith Baumann, teacher

DEAR SANTA

This year I want for Christmas, a handsome six-foot boy,
 I'd rather have him, Santa, than a dollie or a toy;
 Please find me one with curly hair, and a pair of flashing eyes,
 But you musn't tell a soul though, for I want him to be a surprise.
 He isn't for me, Santa, he's for my sister Sue;
 The boy she used to go with, is dating someone new;
 And now she's sad and lonely, and I want to make her gay . . .
 So won't you find another boy and send him right away?
 I got my mom a hankie, and I bought my dad a tie,
 I got my brother Johnnie an airplane that can fly;
 Now Sister Sue needs something, and I think he's just the thing,
 So send him to me C. O. D., and wrap him with some string.
 Good-bye for now dear Santa, and the last thing that I'll do
 Is wish you a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year too.

Love,
 Bobby Jones

LUCRESE BULTINCK, Alleman H. S., '54
 Sister Mary Borgia, teacher

PRETTY GIRL

Pretty girl, come dance for me.
Let your heart be gay and free.

Let your flared skirt swirl and swirl,
As you gayly twirl and twirl.

Even though your heart is breaking,
Dance the pattern the music is making.

A mist is in your lovely eyes,
Like a gray cloud in evening skies.

Let your steps be deft and light,
As the stars that dance at night.

Paint a smile upon your face,
Let your body sway with grace.

Let your heart be gay and free,
Pretty girl, dance just for me.

JOANNE HRIBAL, East H. S., Rockford, '53
Adele Johnson, teacher

A BOY

A boy is like a lobster
He has a hard shell
But when you get inside
He is good

BETTY TOMLIN, Marengo H. S., '54
Helen Tipps, teacher

TANKA*Precious Jewels*

Rubies or sapphires
amethysts or even pearls
are not half so dear
as the sparkling diamonds
found in the eyes of children.

SARAH WOLF, Naperville H. S., '54
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

THE ORGAN-GRINDER

Who's the little old man with the wrinkled face,
Who has come to this corner in the very same place
For forty years, or maybe more,
To play for the rich and sing for the poor.
The little old man with the dark brown eyes,
And kerchief and organ as blue as the skies?

He's a man of the streets, a man of the earth,
And he'll sing his songs for a penny's worth,
But all the pay that his monkey brings
By the dance he does while the organ rings
Is the children's smiles, the happy cries,
And the thankful look in the people's eyes.

MARJORIE MAHON, York Comm. H. S., '53
Velma Walker, teacher

THE NOONTIME WHISTLE

The noontime whistle is the fire siren,
Telling all who live in Leaf River
That lunchtime is here;
Reminding Bill Thompson
How rapidly the morning escaped him,
And Mrs. Cadwell
How slowly the morning has dragged.

JOYCE GEHLHAUSEN, East H. S., Rockford, '55
Martha Jane Lyon, teacher

THE ICICLE

An icicle hanging on a big brick wall
Said to the sun, "I don't like you at all."
drip, drip, drip!
Said the sun to the icicle, crystal and cold,
"What a saucy little brat, and, oh, so bold!"
drip, drip, drip!

But the icicle only cried more and more
And the spiteful old sun shone on just as before;
Until at the end of the winter day
It had cried its poor little self away!
drip . . . drip . . . drip!

MARVA HINTON, East H. S., Rockford, '55
Martha Jane Lyon, teacher

UNDERSEA

Beneath the waters
Green and cool
The mermaids keep
A dancing school.

The oysters trot,
The lobsters prance,
The dolphins come
To join the dance.

But the jellyfish,
All rather small,
Can't seem to learn
The steps at all.

DARLENE DAVEY, Morton H. S., Cicero, '53
Louise G. Zerwer, teacher

SONG OF THE SNOWFLAKES

Snowflakes are falling from heaven ;
They cover the trees and the lawn.
Softly and slowly they're falling,
Providing the theme for a song.

Snowflakes are symbolic of winter ;
But why care if the nights are long ?
Snowflakes bring peace and contentment,
And are borne on wings, like a song.

LOUISE MARTIN, Canton H. S., '55
Orpha Stutsman, teacher

DAWN

Spangled velvet gives way
To a pale summer
Dawn. Phosphor swings
The gates of heaven
Open, pulls
In the stars and sends out
The light of day.

LOIS JOHNSON, East H. S., Rockford, '53
Edith W. Lawson, teacher

STRANGE WORLD

Like the waters of an ocean,
Over towns a fog can pour,
And the green grass is the seaweed
Rooted in the ocean floor.

And the houses are the caverns
For the monsters of the sea,
And the trees are giant fossils
Where the lurking sharks may be.

Airplanes are the ships of heaven
Fighting through a misty bog,
Sailing bravely on the waters
That are the waves of fog.

SHIRLEY JANDA, Morton H. S., Cicero, '53
Marjorie Diez, teacher

WILDERNESS

Wilderness . . .
Its quiet, peaceful call is
Curious, foreboding.
Who knows what stirs in the moss-covered trees;
What evil serpent glides
Over the swampy marsh,
Waiting, watching,
Hoping to meet some less cunning creature?
What dormant alligator waits,
Half sunken beneath the stagnant slime;
What deadly moccasin
Slithers along the tree branches?
What fer-de-lance lies
Concealed on the ground;
What pit of quicksand waits
To swallow the careless wanderer?

TOM LOUNSBURY, East H. S., Rockford, '54
Edna Youngquist, teacher

THE TWISTER

From the depths of hell, it rises on high,
A spiraling black pillar of power,
Like damned devils with ominous cry
Raving and roaring, making man cower;
Swirling inland with destructive force,
It blazes a trail with human heartache;
Whipping and whirling and running its course
Nothing but chaos is left in its wake.
"Oh, leave us, you vengeful devil of Night,
Hazing the sun glow, inking the skies;
We pray for God's supremacy of might.
Oh, slow this mad tempo from roars to sighs!"
The howling is hushed; the battle is past;
Back to uncertain life, and peace—at last?

GEORGE DUGOVIC, Morton H. S., Cicero, '53
Irene Pauley, teacher

THE FIRST SNOW

The snow fell silently, softly, all night,
Covering the ground with a blanket of white.
The children came out to play next day,
Delighted that they at last could sleigh.

They climbed to the top of the snow-covered hill,
(The one by the old saw-mill).
Then flew back down on brand-new sleds,
Bright blue and red caps covering their heads.

Later on, perhaps, they'll skate on the lake,
Or throw some snow-balls at Old Man Blake.
Up and down the hill they go.
Oh, to be young and play in the snow.

ANNA LEE MARSHALL, Pope County Comm. H. S.,
Golconda, '53
Lois Smith, teacher

THE CLIMB

(Grand Teton National Park)

Then up ahead our goal we saw,
 A sheer and lofty mountain pass—
 A pass exalted toward the sky,
 With snow still clinging to its side.
 Now slowly up, our climb we made,
 Past rocky crags and snowy slopes.
 The wind whipped on us from above;
 The summit we were nearing now.
 Before us lay a broad, deep gorge,
 Behind, a deep, broad rift;
 Our climb was done, the challenge gone,
 There was no place to go but down.

ROGER CONNOR, Evanston Twp. H. S., '53

Mary L. Taft, teacher

BEAUTY OVERHEAD

The raindrops played tag
 With one another,
 Hiding everywhere—
 In the leaves and in the grass.

The rain swept down
 Washing the great halls of earth,
 Screaming and rushing
 Around the corners.

Wheels roared up in the sky
 As God's breadwagon made its way
 Across the clouds.
 A timid eye peeps around one cloud
 And quickly hides again.

Silver lines of light rush
 Across the grey,
 All hurrying, lest their part be over
 In this eventful play.

BARBARA TOWNSEND, Sterling Twp. H. S., '54

Mary B. Harris, teacher

A NIGHT IN THE MOUNTAINS

The mountains lie 'neath the broiling sky
And wait for the cold, cold night,
And everyone has his work all done,
When the sun sinks out of sight.

The mountains tall gather round like a wall.
The stars are twinkling bright.
The tall dark pine has formed a line,
As it stands against the night.

The earth goes to sleep and the silence is deep,
Except for the night bird's song.
The stars shine down on the rocky ground;
The night will be dark and long.

The moon shines green in the mountain stream;
The snow reflects from the peaks.
The cool, crisp breeze, as it moans through the trees,
Joins the spirit of night as he speaks.

And then comes the yawn of the newborn dawn;
The peaks catch a glimmer of sun;
The valley grows light in the fading night,
And another day has begun.

PAT LYNCH, Forman H. S. (Manito), '54
Ferne Lawlis, teacher

HAPPY THOUGHT?

It spreads its wings and flies away,
Soaring and swinging through the day
Facing danger with the sun.
After it little children run
But on it goes with wings of gold
Until the weather gets frosty cold.
Hard to catch it in its flight,
Too fast by day—unseen by night.

There is but one thing to make me sorrow—
Butterflies today mean worms tomorrow!

DIANNE SHANHOLTZER, Central H. S., Camp Point, Ill., '53
(Mrs.) Helen Wickliffe, teacher

OCTOBER "DAZE"

When the goblins start to boo
And the bats begin to fly ;
When the frost is on the pumpkins
And the moon is in the sky ;

Brownies ride a black cat ;
Witches ride their brooms.
Spiders spin their cobwebs
Across the harvest moon.

Little kids are trampling
Up and down the street ;
Knocking at each door step
Calling, "Trick or treat."

Goblins, witches, pirates,
Brownies, ghosts, and clowns
Dancing round the bonfires,
In masks and caps and gowns.

Goblins 'round the corner,
Ghosts behind the trees.
Pirates in the bushes,
Wait for you and me.

Soap on every window
Flat tires on every car.
Garbage cans and garden gates
Are scattered near and far.

All the kids are fast asleep
Now the day is done.
The moon is smiling down on them,
For Halloween is fun.

NANCY RODERICK, West H. S., Rockford, '54
B. Vincent, teacher

THOUGHTS AT NIGHT

I lay atop a grassy hill
And watched the starry sky.
Against the velvet blackness deep,
Thick, hazy clouds rolled by.

I lay atop a grassy hill—
The moon was blooming new.
Her veil of pure white light was cast
As thru the night she flew.

I lay atop a grassy hill
And heard the curfew bell.
A screech owl's call rang from the wood
Like some sad fun'ral knell.

I lay atop a grassy hill
'Till dawn began to gain.
The moon descended silently
And King Sun came to reign.

MARY MCHENRY, Peoria H. S., '55
Emily E. Rice, teacher

FIRE

A fire is like a ballet theater,
With the burning log
Being the stage,
And the flames the dancers.

RICHARD LUNQUIST, Barrington H. S., '54
Maude Strouss, teacher

TWILIGHT

Sunlight's glancing dying beams;
Children's voices, calling far.
Purple haze of twilight gleams;
End of day—a distant star
Sits on edge of night and dreams.

SANDY SHRIER, Peoria H. S., '55
Emily E. Rice, teacher

OUR CUCKOO CLOCK

When our house is silent,
When the air is still,
Out pops the little cuckoo
With his funny, funny bill.

Out pops the cuckoo,
And cocks his head at me,
And Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
He sings so merrily.

He tells when it is breakfast time,
He tells when it is noon,
He calls for supper, and for bed.
(For that, he comes too soon!)

And always when he's spoken
He does not wait for more,
But backs away directly and
He slams his little door.

BERNARD GUILD, Moline Sr. H. S., '53
Phylita Shinneman, teacher

EIGHT FIFTY-NINE AND A HALF

It's 7:10. What do I hear?

Mother's saying, "It's morning, dear!"
"Ugh," I groan, "it just can't be!
I'm sure it's only half-past three."
My eyes won't open; my legs are asleep;
Yet out of bed, she'd have me leap!
I finally manage to sit up straight,
When what do I hear but "Get up, it's late."
"I am," I croak in a baritone voice;
To get up, I see, is my only choice.
Blindly I stumble out of my bed,
Awkwardly fumbling, my pajamas I shed;
The search for some stockings gets underway,
But alas, there is only a mud puddle grey.
My sweater is pink, my skirt is of green,
In a pair of grey sox, I wouldn't be seen.
When I'm finally all dressed, the time is 8:10.
I gulp down my milk, dashing again!

8:30 comes and I'm on my way,
Thinking ahead of the terrible day.
At 8:45 Larsen High is in view
I dash up the steps at 8:52.
I grope down the hall, sure to be late,
And hang up my coat at 8:58.
I trip into class and hear someone laugh,
"Well, you made it at 8:59 and one half!"

JUDY FISCHER, Larsen Jr. H. S., Elgin, '55
Betty Rupp, teacher

RAIN

The boy stepped bravely into the street.
No rubbers had he upon his feet;
He had no umbrella, not even a coat,
Tho upon his good health this fellow did dote.
But why should he be softly complaining?
He didn't get wet!
It wasn't raining!

WINNIE TUCKER, Bloomington H. S., '53
Effie Sutton, teacher

SORRY, KILMER

I think that I shall never see
A poet lousier than me.
A poet that sits around all day
Before he thinks of something to say.
If poems were made by fools like me,
Not a single poem would there be.

BILL FOLEY, Bloomington H. S., '53
May English, teacher

SWEET SLEEP

Death came riding
On his black stallion
And covered them all
With his cloak of darkness
Offering sweet repose
From a world of chaos.

DOROTHY HANUS, Morton H. S., Cicero, '53
Irene Pauley, teacher

ANOTHER STAR

Her hair was russet, brown as autumn leaves,
 And the smell of the sea was about her,
 And she loved it,
 As I do.

At night
 We would wander up and down the beach, listening
 To the pounding surf, and with a flashlight
 Spy on the crabs that clambered
 Out of their burrows in search of food.

I'll never forget, when she
 Came laughing and barefooted, running
 Across the beach with a number of sparkling stones
 And shells, polished to a high sheen by the tides and sand.
 Her hair was flying in the wind. Some One
 Had placed a lustre about her. . . .

* * *

When I walk alone
 The old feeling still
 Comes back. . . .

A star is coming out . . . now.
 She loved stars. Here comes
 Another one, and another
 And yet . . . another.

BILL NETHERCUT, West H. S., Rockford, '54
 Maud Weinschenk, teacher

CINQUAINS

Definition

Something
 not concerned with
 feet or rhyme . . . just five lines
 of two, four, six, eight, and two syl-
 lables.

SHIRLEY ZAININGER, Naperville H. S., '54
 Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

Life

Life has
its ups and downs,
but, all in all, if you
are good to it, it will be good
to you.

RUTHANNE MORRISON, Naperville H. S., '54
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

HOKKU*Silence*

The music has stopped.
Oh, bird of the wind! Send one
Fluted Remembrance.

LONNY LUNDE, Maine Twp. H. S., '53
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

Renascece

Through the warm spring soil
A demure crocus appears.
Once more the cycle.

RICHARD MERTENS, Maine Twp. H. S. '53
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

A MUSICAL CAT

Musical children,
What of that?
We have in our house
A musical cat

That lies by the piano
While the rest of us play
And seems to be learning
A lesson a day.

RUTH SHERWOOD, Peoria H. S., '55
Emily E. Rice, teacher

FIRST DAY

Green little freshman, scared and small,
 Wanders, lost, through the endless hall.
 Clutching his books with a trembling hand,
 He gapes in awe at the seniors grand.
 With fearful heart he sits in class;
 From his petrified lips no sound can pass.
 At the end of the day he moans to himself,
 "I just can't find the rooms all by myself."

Oh, green little freshman, scared and small,
 Take heart! Some day you'll know it all.

MOLLY HAMMET, Morton H. S., Cicero, '54
 Mary Helen Boley, teacher

TRIOLETS

Music

I wonder what my life would be
 If I had never heard a song?
 If brooks murmured no melody,
 If trees swayed not in harmony?
 If crashing waves rolled not at sea,
 If winds blew no tunes for me?
 I wonder what my life would be
 If I had never heard a song?

MARY ALICE HALL, Naperville H. S., '53
 Leona McBride, teacher

* * *

Pirates' End

I read a book the other day—
 Adventure through its pages flashed.
 Gold bars! Doubloons! Pirates' fray!
 I read a book the other day—
 Mutiny! Treasure-trove! Swordplay!
 Lost craft—battered helm—wave-lashed!
 I read a book the other day—
 Adventure through its pages flashed.

WALLY HOEL, Naperville H. S., '53
 Leona McBride, teacher

CLOCK TICKS

The clock ticks
Hard buttons of sound.
Monotonous and eerie,
They fly through the void
Breaking the silence of night.

LAVERNE CHRISTOFFERSON, East H. S., Rockford, '53
Adele Johnson, teacher

A BOOK RIDDLE

A princess fair with beauty rare
Had eyes of blue and golden hair.
Upon her birth a curse was made
That at sixteen must be paid.
She pricked her finger but shed no tears
And went to sleep for one hundred years.
This fairy tale has obtained much fame,
But can you tell me what is its name?

MARIE KALLENBACH, Ellis Jr. H. S., Elgin, '55
Helen A. Kocher, teacher

DAIRYMEN'S HYMN

(With a salute to the Mariæes)

From the houses to the barnyards,
To the cows at milking time,
We will fight our milkmen's battle
For the dollar and the dime.
First we milk and then we pasteurize,
And we ship it every day,
We are proud to be staunch dairymen
In the good old U. S. A.

RICHARD ROWE, Naperville H. S., '54
Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

LIMERICKS

Beware of the old crocodile
 Who dreams by the banks of the Nile;
 For he's really quite vicious
 And finds folks delicious,
 As he gulps them all down with a smile.

BROOKS MCNAMARA, Peoria H. S., '55
 Emily E. Rice, teacher

There was a big dog named Gent.
 His tail was so long that it bent.
 Gent moved a bit slower
 Than our old lawnmower;
 Now Gent doesn't know where his tail went.

GREGORY HOLLAND, Peoria H. S., '55
 Emily E. Rice, teacher

There once was a lady named Carrie
 Of whom drunks were exceedingly wary.
 She carried a hatchet
 And a temper to match it—
 Saloons she delighted to harry.

MARK SCHMIDT, Naperville H. S., '54
 Dorothy Scroggie, teacher

There was once a young man named Ward,
 Who had a nice new Ford.
 He passed on a hill,
 But ne'er again will,
 For you need no cars with the Lord.

KARL ZAHM, East H. S., Rockford, '54
 Edna Youngquist, teacher

A LIE

A lie
 Is a sword that stabs
 The heart of one you love.
 The wound may heal but still remains
 A scar.

DOROTHY ARBOGAST, East H. S., Rockford, '54
 Adele Johnson, teacher

THE PASSIONATE MILLIONAIRE TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
And I will all the pleasures prove
That parties, clubs, and automobiles,
Jewels, or costly mansion yields.

And in a penthouse we will sit
Bothered by troubles not a whit;
Society we'll entertain
Discussing visits to Old Spain.

And I will give you vaults of money
And a country house that's sunny
With servants always standing near
To do your bidding throughout the year.

A chauffeured town car just for you—
The other husbands I'll outdo—
Equipped with gadgets manifold,
It will be trimmed in solid gold.

I'll dress you in the latest style
And diamonds you'll wear all the while,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

On television that's life size
You may feast your pretty eyes,
And music soft as it can be
Each noon will waken you and me.

The swanky night spots we'll attend
For your delight at each day's end;
If these delights your mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

JAMES SINDT, Maine Twp. H. S., '53
Paulene M. Yates, teacher

WAIT FOR ME, TIME

Time
 Oh, wait for me,
 Wait just a moment more,
 You run by
 As if caught by a breeze,
 And try as I may
 To catch you in your flight,
 I'm still far behind.

You hide
 As if you fear the slow ;
 You stop and wait for none,
 Have patience, Time, I may catch up,
 And find the place you run.
 I want so
 For all the little things I yearn to do,
 Oh, Time, please give me more of you.

MARTHA GRONEMEIER, Bloomington H. S., '53
 May English, teacher

LIFE

Again the question arises, why live?
 Life is so futile, it's all so useless—
 We laugh, then cry again, we get, we give.
 We love and leave them, it's all such a mess.

We're born only to die, what happens between—
 Do we prove our worth or merely exist?
 We hide from some, yet we want to be seen.
 It's fashion to flirt, but never be kissed !

Is there a purpose for each of us here?
 Do we have fortunes to gather, promises to keep?
 We lie to be sweet and call him a dear.
 We plow our fields only for others to reap.

God gave us a life to do what we will.
 Shall we abuse or His hopes fulfill?

GWEN MARKS, Princeton H. S., '53
 Barbara Sloan, teacher

POOR FOOL

He sells his city home and lands
And moves to a smaller town,
But even then he runs some more
To a safer place he's found.
A smaller town, a smaller land
A cave in obscure state
Of which no enemy would think
Nor A-bomb penetrate.
He need not fear
He need not worry
But time is short
Hurry, Hurry!
Still he runs and still he hides
And still he runs again
He runs and hides and hides some more
But can't escape his sin.
If only he could understand
He's running all in vain
But now his mind is so obsessed
He's nearly gone insane.
He would have feared no bomb nor gun
If he had only found this place
For in this state there is no fear
The place—the state of grace!

CAROL DAPOGNY, Visitation H. S., Chicago, '53

FLYING A KITE

I often sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze, and go
Whatever way it chanced to blow.
Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail
Like me before the merry gale,
Until at last with them I came
To some place with a foreign name.

RAY SNYDER, West H. S., Rockford, '54
B. Vincent, teacher

LOOK TO THE OTHERS

Mass media massly done
 None escape it anyone
 Time and thoughts and solitude
 Are said by men to be most rude

Collective peace, collective war
 Collective windows on the door
 Empty mind with noisy thoughts
 Individuality rots

WILLIAM E. BATHURST, Evanston Twp. H. S., '53

Mary L. Taft, teacher

ME

I sing before finals
 Gaze at the moon,
 Laugh before punch lines,
 Can't hum a tune.

I poke fun at black cats,
 Gag over eggs,
 Sleep during lectures,
 Have ungainly legs.

I love Christmas carols,
 Drink sugared tea,
 Kneel before heaven.
 Yes, that's me.

SALLY YOUNG, Maine Twp. H. S., '53

Paulene M. Yates, teacher

DESIRE

Let's go to the river—it's hardly a mile—

Where life is so peaceful. We'll stay a short while.

And as the cool water slides endlessly by,

And the mercury rises, but never too high,

We'll sit on the bank, our minds only wishin'

That this crazy world would take time out for fishin'.

MICKEY BOLO, East Alton-Wood River Comm. H. S., '54

Helen Christoe, teacher

GROPING

Alone
In a mist-filled
Cavern of thought
My mind
Gropes through
The dark surrounding
For some faint
Light
Of Escape.
But Escape
From this,
My reckoning,
Is naught.
I can only
Long
For understanding.

JUDY HAWK, Maine Twp. H. S., '54
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

THE DANCE

I am Eve:
A scarlet temptress
In flowing robes
Yet pure,
Pure as newborn day;
Swept by a surging current
Of laughter;
Lost in a flashing sea
And drunk with music.
What matter if tomorrow
These pulsating feet
Are stilled?
If Cinderella's rags
Prevail?
Tomorrow
Is another age;
Tonight is forever;
And I am Eve.

ESTELLE WHELAN, Jacksonville H. S., '53
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

YESTERDAY'S THANKSGIVING

Sometimes I envy them—those warm, prim
 Pilgrim folk who made this month their own,
 And lived by steady stroke
 Of ax against a pine, and fingers to the wheel
 Of spinning yarn. I would have liked to know the feel
 Of smooth clear wax, dipped among a din of
 Laughter into homely candles, whose soft light
 Showed a rafter hung with corn and sage, oak bark
 And roots.

Such gleaming copper pots—I'd never get my fill
 Of watching them reflect the room in joyous tone;
 Before a great stone hearth, I'd laugh at windy moan
 Outside, and read a book, or watch the flame lick out
 Toward chestnuts at its edge.

When neighbors come, we'd give them broth for walking
 Down the snowy hill; put their stiff hats on shelves
 Their coats on a pegged window sill.
 They carried guns to church and lived with cautious
 Eye, but their homes held candlelight and loving
 Warmth inside.

MICHAEL FRY, Barrington Consol. H. S., '55
 Maude Strouss, teacher

BELOW THE CITY

Below the city
 A subway train pursued by Father Time
 Speeds into its station
 As a hunted animal
 Flees into its lair.
 The station lights beam welcome
 To the jostling surge of people
 Who gush forth from the train
 And follow beckoning tunes of Daylight
 Up the stone steps to the street
 Like children bidden by a Pied Piper.
 Up into the city
 Emerging only to dissolve
 In the pulsing flow of traffic.

JANET REUSSER, University H. S., Normal
 Ruth Stroud, teacher

ENIGMA

Life?
Many a poet
Or a scholar has tried to define
This strange enigma.
Many a profound answer has been given.
I am not a scholar.
I have no profound answer.
But—I live!
Every morning when I awake
That inexplicable thing flows into me.
It's—
Life! with the sea sounding
 in a shell.
Life! with the sweet pressure
 of a lover's lips.
Life! with a soft evening
 breeze caressing me and
 gaily tousling my hair.
Life! with the wet, dewy
 touch of a raindrop on
 my cheek.
Life! with a world full of
 things to feel, taste,
 smell, hear, see . . .

Life! with its mystery,
 tears, laughter, surprise . . .
Who has the better answer,
Let him speak!
I have mine.

PAT CULHANE, West H. S., Rockford, '53
Maud Weinschenk, teacher

A NEW LINE

A line has been drawn in the world,
A line separating the white from the black,
The Jew from the Gentile, the rich from the poor.
What is this boundary line?
Why has it been drawn?

A line is what we make it ;
A line is only an idea.
Then I shall erase the line
And draw another.
My line will be in a circle.

The line now drawn to separate
Has caused suffering, hatred, bitterness.
My line will be a line of peace,
Measured by friendliness ;
My line will not cause war.

My friends have built great cities ;
Your line has torn them down.
My friends have fought diseases ;
Your line has caused man's death
And ruined what once was fine.

A line is what we make it ;
A line is only an idea.
Let us all join hands together—
Yellow, black, and white—
And draw a circle 'round the world.

LOIS YARDLEY, Sycamore H. S., '53
Margaret Adams, teacher

WITH APOLOGIES TO W. C. BRYANT

So study that when thy turn shall come
To answer the innumerable questions
Which each must meet upon the gloomy
Day of tests, thou answereth not as one
Who did not study during every night
But, encouraged and assured by an
Unfaltering trust, approach thy exam
As one who gathers information from
All sources and settles down to get
An "A."

PAT HUFFORD, Bloomington H. S., '53
Effie Sutton, teacher

LA SALLE

(With apologies to Carl Sandburg)

(Written in celebration of LaSalle's Centennial, 1952)

City of Indian legend,
 Cement maker, stacker of corn;
 Player with airplanes, busses, and trains.
 Stately, industrious, city of power;
 City of commerce, business, and trade.
 La Salle, producer of dairy products,
 Manufacturer of utilities.
 Community of recreation, education, religion, culture.

They say you are historical, and I believe them,
 And they tell me that a century ago you were founded;
 Founded by the great Robert Cavalier de La Salle.
 They relate the plight of the starving Indians who made their
 gallant stand atop a lofty rock:
 The rock—nationally known as Starved Rock—a monument to the
 brave Illini who first cultured our land.
 Yes, this is La Salle—center of the Illinois Valley;
 Nestled on the cool shady banks of the great Illinois.
 We salute you, La Salle, city of Indian legend;
 City of power; city of commerce, business, and trade.
 We salute you, a centenarian!

GLORIA KASZYNSKI, JANETTE DEMES, MELVA CROISSANT,
 MARILYN LOEKLÉ, AND RICHARD WOOD, LaSalle-Peru
 Twp. H. S., '56

Dorothe Young, teacher

TURBULENT ERA

We have more houses,
 But fewer homes.
 We have more knowledge,
 But less wisdom.
 We have more manners,
 But weakened morals.
 We create great power,
 But with it, kill.

We create great highways,
To perish on.

We construct great churches,
Yet ignore God.

JOHN DUNBAR, Alleman H. S., '53
Sister Louise, O. S. B., teacher

ARMA VIRUMQUE

The Caesar's legions trampling Gaul
Under, under, under,
With Julius' name a trumpet-call—
O wonder, wonder, wonder!

Beside the road a tiny lad
Crouched trembling by a wall,
Marveling that the Caesar had
Cohorts so gay and eyes so sad,
And wished himself a taller lad,
With him to trample Gaul.

Glittering trumpeter had led
The legions 'til his fall;
(Now tell the lad his brother's dead
With Caesar's golden troops!) he bled
And groaning dyed the French clods red
And slumped beneath a foul-breathed Gaul.

Oh, gay the trumpet's silver call!
(And who remarks how buglers die?);
The lad breathes "*Caesar!*" by the wall,
Runs laughing out to meet that call.
So huge the stallion's hooves, so small
The lad—who marks his stifled cry?

Aquila stooping savagely
On plunder, plunder, plunder,
Legions tramping blindly on
In thunder, thunder, thunder!

CAROL CLEMEAU, Glenbard Twp. H. S., Glen Ellyn, '53
Helen McConnell, teacher

WHAT WOULD I BE?

What would I be if I weren't me?
A star that roams about through space?
A comet on a merry chase?
A tree with branches lifted high?
A cloud that floats across the sky?
Maybe even a flower, too,
All sprinkled with the morning dew.

What would I be if I weren't me?
An ocean, a river, or a sea?
A stinging, buzzing, busy bee?
A bird that soars in yonder blue
And rests its wings when day is thru?
I might have been an ev'ning breeze
That turns the waves on dismal seas.

What would I be if I weren't me?
A path on which a patriot trod
When giving prayer and praise to God?

A million things I might have been,
But what's the use of wonderin'?
Right now I'm glad that I am me,
So who cares what I dream to be?

DOROTHY SHALL, Sabin Br., Tuley High, '56
Margaret King, teacher

ALL THESE ARE MINE

The golden wheat and purple mountains,
The spacious skies and flowing fountains,
The roaring seas,
The blowing breeze—
All these are mine.

The rolling plains and running streams,
The ghostly, silvery moonlight beams,
The nodding flowers,
The peaceful hours—
All these are mine.

A happy home and an automobile,
 A warm, delicious home-cooked meal,
 A mom and dad, a favorite pet,
 All the things Americans get—
 All these are mine.

SHIRLEY LINDQUIST, East Alton-Wood River Comm., H. S., '54
 Helen Christoe, teacher

AMERICA

America is a beautiful poem,
 Building verse by verse,
 Composed from the imagination
 Of its people.

Its rhythm . . . the hum of great machines,
 The pulsing of city traffic,
 The swaying of native trees.

Its rhyme . . . the singing of mountain rills,
 The bantering of corner hawkers,
 The symphony of great construction.

Its theme . . . the recollection of great conquests,
 The thrill of bygone adventures,
 The satisfaction of dreams fulfilled.

SHIRLEY McVICAR, University H. S., Normal
 Ruth Stroud, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

Bloomington: "Humility," by Juanita Van Ness, "A Student's Lament," by David Jenkins, and "Sorry, Longfellow," by Don Vance (May English); "Autumn," by Carl Bickell (Helen Maloney); "School in Bed," by Marjorie Gesell (Mrs. Rush); "The Storm," by Joann Hitchcock (Effie Sutton).

Chicago (Farragut H. S.): "A Willow's Quality," by Emil L. Wuensch (Louise McDaniel).

Chicago (Sabin Br. Tuley H. S.): "When Christ Raised Up His Hand," by Dorothy Shall (Margaret King).

Chicago (Visitation H. S.): "Wondering," by Margaret Corbett; "Late," by Dorothy Clark.

Cicero (J. Sterling Morton H. S.): "Music," by Edward Kovarik (Howard H. Finley); "Kitten," by Darlene Davey, and "Winter Wind," by Donald Holt (Louise G. Zerwer); "Evolution," by Vivian Johnson (Irene Pauley).

Decatur: "The Last Minute Crammer," by Sherry Britsch (Helen Stapp); "Learning to Drive a Car," by Sue Armentrout (R. R. Curtis); "Friendship," by Gail Wonderlin (Ruth Carson).

East Alton-Wood River: "I Want to See the Sea," by Marilyn Scheibe (Helen Christoe).

Elgin (Ellis Jr. H. S.): "A Book Riddle," by Lorna Steffen (Helen A. Kocher).

Elmhurst (York Comm. H. S.): "Fable" and "For Happiness," by Marjorie Mahon (Velma Walker); "Christmas Morning," by Sharon White (Eleanor Davis).

Evanston: "The Engulfing Red," by Betsy DuBois; "The Mouse," by Bill Bathurst (Mary L. Taft).

Golconda (Pope County H. S.): "The Period Before History," by Opal Bernice Davidson; "The Creator," by Shirley Bailey (Lois Smith).

Manito (Forman H. S.): "Sunset and Moonrise," by Lowell Golden (Ferne Lawlis).

Marengo: "Friendship," by Lyn Fry (Helen Tipps).

Moline: "Eternities," by Dick Malcolm (Phylita Shinneman); "Daddy Plays Nursemaid," by Beverley Morrissey (Rosalyn Levinberg).

Naperville: "Schoolboy," by Jannen Faulhaber; "Silhouette," by Donna Bohnstedt; "Suspense," by Don Juhnke; "Transitory," by Hal Friedl; and "Books," by Sarah Dotson (Dorothy Scroggie); "Weather," by Carol Harris; "Winter Moon," by Dick Hemsted; and epigrams by Wade Gagel, Shirley Baumgartner, and Stanley Glover (Leona McBride).

Normal: "Shakespeare's Tragedy" and "Piano Concert," by Janet Reusser; "Difference of Opinion," by Margaret Micken (Ruth Stroud).

Park Ridge (Maine Twp. H. S.): "The Battle," by Ted Hansen (Paulene Yates); "Burnished Leaves," by Judy Hawk (Anne Lauterbach).

Peoria (Central H. S.): Limericks by Brooks McNamara and Mary McHenry; "Lament," by Bill Baumflek; "Winter," by Connie Church (Emily E. Rice).

Rock Island (Alleman H. S.): "The Drag Race," by Leonard Schulte (Sister Louise); "Lonely Christmas," by Simonne Thiron (Sister Mary St. Majella); "So Strange, So Familiar," by Mary M. White (Sister Mary Ignatius); "I'm the Mother of a Nun," by Lucrese Bultinck (Sister Mary Borgia); "Son of Liberty," by Jerry Morrow (Sister M. Margaret).

Rockford (East H. S.): "The Pussymouse," by Nick Tabone (Adele Johnson); "Winter," by Corrinne Lindstrom, and "A Little Red Rose," by Jo Ann Johnson (Martha Jane Lyon); "The Party Frock," by Kay Farris (Edith W. Lawson).

Rockford (West H. S.): "April Date," by Marjorie Liddle; "To a Mummy," by Michael Holquist; "Springtime in the Country," by Nancy Wormley (Maud Weinschenk); "The Snow," by Roberta Olsen (Elsie Beatty); "Challenge," by John Van Sickel (Marjorie Brittain).

Sterling (Twp. H. S.): "The Beautiful Cloud," by Mary Espinoza (Mary B. Harris).

Sycamore: "A Winter Prayer," by Barbara Mundy (Margaret Adams).

EXTENSION COURSES AT SPRINGFIELD

The English Department of the University will offer two extramural courses in Springfield the second semester of 1952-53. They will both be taught by Dr. Constance Nicholas. A class in Rhetoric E 101 will meet on Tuesday evenings at 7 o'clock in Room 101 of Springfield High School, beginning February 10. An English E 101 class will meet on Wednesday evenings at the same time in Room 202 of Springfield High School, beginning February 11. Rhetoric E 101 is the beginning course in composition, and English E 101 is an introduction to poetry. There are no prerequisites for either course.